CAROUSEL
by Andrew “Change” Huang

batting lights on scrolled cresting begin
to bokehly blur, as porcelain horses gallop
floridly to band organs and cymbals.
we remain dreamily in each other's hold,
witnessing the feverish horses floating—
gilded night too spins brilliantly in circle.

we pass the ticket booth where long line
seems shorter now than at the beginning.
bells and whistles cheer at passing floats.
pastel horses in garland robes gallop
in place, trying to escape from the hold.

we nest in our carriage, as we briefly lose
ourselves to the horses pacing along a line,
becoming unaware these frenzy gallops
are leading us back to an idle beginning—

where blowing pipes sign a gradual end.
we can only hope that we do not lose
the lulling sights of these horses galloping.

our carriage curbs tamely; the horses trot.
we open our eyes as we slow to an end—

we open our eyes as we slow to an end.